

**E-40****"40 - Loyalty And Betrayal"**

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[E-40]

You got the beat turned up in my ear a little mo'?

(Aight) Let's go

Uhh, a little more volume pimp YEAH, okay

Just tell me when.. yeah

It's mobbin - this shit sinister

Straight sinister mob

Rick Rock you did this? (Yeah!)

[Verse One]

I don't spit metaphors (metaphors) I spit L-R-P's  
on these dark murky bloody streets of Vallejo, where I  
get my cheese

Never mind the trauma playa, you don't wanna be  
wearin a helmet

I'm not divin back in the cocoa plant game Mr. Johnny  
Law I'm celibate

Rebellion, slightly throwed off, but hella smart (smart)

Got the mouthpiece of a pimp (and what?)

And a perm like Reverand Sharp' (Sharp')

Now tell me if I'm wrong (wrong)

if I open up my, own barbershop, and get me a small  
business loan

Gotta lay it down for a minute (whatcha gon' do?) Do  
what you do

If you in the jail, don't let the jail get in you

And the C-H-P's think they slick, trick

They got a new device out there for high-speedin  
called the spice drips

See potnah dude right there (uh-huh) he talk more shit  
than my batch

but he's a coward (coward) and plus a pumpkin in a  
pumpkin patch

He's a wussy (wussy) if I didn't know better, seriously  
Pimpin, you'd think he got a pussy (got a pussy)

[Chorus: E-40]

Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal

Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal

Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal

Some gon', betray you, and some gon', be loyal

[Verse Two]

Oooh, he was listenin to my tape (to my tape)  
He was on his way home last night  
out of bounds and they got him at the plate (at the  
plate)  
Soon as he put his foot on the porch, they to' his ass up  
(What he had comin?) He had it comin (oh boy)  
Now keep in mind (mind)  
this nigga done been shot (how many times?) Fo' or  
five times  
This nigga done been shot, three times befo' this time  
(For what?) For lyin, and havin numerous conversations  
with the law  
(For what?) For spyin and havin diarrhea of the jaw (of  
the jaw)  
I don't get along with undercover  
Like Republican and Democrat, we don't cut for each  
other  
I think it's hella WRONG when us brothers  
rat each other out, and roll on one another  
Oooh, dis rap is just like the coke game  
(Illegal dope, but it's cutthroat)  
Dis coke game is just like the rap game  
(With saditty, plastic ass folk)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Oooh, like a tittie I used to buy my gal the songs  
to send my breezy up in Albertson's  
just to make grocery just to play it off  
Why (why?) Because.. I figure if I did it it'll be too  
obvious  
But whaddayou mean too obvious? Sheist  
Arm & Hammer baking soda in gumbo pots white  
napkin wipin  
Oh I see - that makes a lot of sense  
Pimpin you kinda smart huh? Ain't never had to hit a  
fence  
You got boys? (Boys?) Do I, strength  
What did you start off with? A sixteenth, a pinch  
You sittin fat (fat) I know that for a fact  
Don't let these glasses fool, see I just look like that  
Be the first one to pop a cap, first one to put one  
through ya  
Don't think just cause I rap, that I won't take it to ya  
I don't think you squares understand  
You ain't fuckin wit a boy (who you fuckin wit?)  
You fuckin wit a man

[Chorus]

[E-40]

That's big spittin, oh boy, fo' sho'  
Motherfuckers ain't stickin to the script no mo'  
(Nah they ain't stickin to the script)  
You know that's why when you find a real cat  
(What you supposed to do?) Find a real tycoon on your  
team?  
(Uh-huh) You gon' cherish that pimpin-ass nigga mayn  
y'know?  
(Fo' sho') Cause they hard to come by mayn, just like a  
bitch mayn  
Just like bitches are hard to come by, the good ones?  
Niggaz is hard to come by; real niggaz y'know?  
That ain't on no gay shit, that's on some real shit, dig  
that  
Oh boy! Uhh.. (Not on no gay shit nigga, be pimpin)  
(Yeah we fly straight around this motherfucker)  
(We pimps in this bitch, we stay spittin these L-R-P's, oh  
boy!)  
(Dig that, that's why we MOBB like this, dig this nigga,  
beotch!!)

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